

"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

THE PLUM TREE.

The plum is a delicious fruit, and it is not for two things might be raised in Maine with the greatest ease. These two things are the black knot and the curculio.

The origin of the first is as yet clouded with a little mystery, and the natural history of the latter is not fully understood. As the penalty of this ignorance respecting these two formidable enemies of the plum, we are often doomed to lose both tree and fruit.

We have every man who has any land on which he can raise fruit, will not only study to plant trees, but also make it a rule to ascertain exact knowledge respecting the enemies referred to. We have made it a rule to publish every thing that appeared in any of the journals touching this matter, and we here present our readers with extracts from different sources, which may be of service to them.

The first is from the Country Gentleman of the 5th inst. Speaking of "successful plum growing," a correspondent says:—"I attribute my success mainly to a hereditary strain of Yankee principle, producing a strong propensity to use a jackknife. My trees are mostly grafted on to suckers of the native or wild plum, near or at the surface of the ground. The scions take well in such stocks, and grow strong, frequently from four to seven feet in a season. In the spring of the first year, I cut back to two or two and a half feet, and each spring following, from 1/2 to 3/4 of the last year's growth. This causes them to grow stocky, with low bushy heads, and to set thickly with fruit spurs. I have trees in different varieties of soil; some in cultivated, some in grass land. All do well. I manure with what is most convenient, without regard to kind or quality, long or short, stable or hog manure, ashes, old lime, soap suds, fish brine, chip manure, or whatever is at hand, plowed in or for top dressing.

The great enemy of the plum tree is the black knot. Now comes the grand question—Black knot, what is it? Is it a disease, or the work of an insect? I will endeavor to answer these questions according to my observations. I consider it to be the work of an insect, with which I have no personal acquaintance except in the maggot stage.

From frequent observation combined with practice, I find that June is the time to look for the enemy. There are no black knots then, of this year's growth, but simply swellings upon the branches. Now use your jack knife and you are sure of your foe. When these swellings first come, so as easily to be found, the insect is of the exact color of the excrescence, and so small as usually to escape detection. Nevertheless he is there. From the middle of June to the first of July, they are easily found, generally two in a knot, varying from 1/20 to 3/4 of an inch in length—the largest in the mean time are leaving their cells. I have found them near by, sheltered by the rough bark, covering themselves with a thin silk-like web. To all who wish to raise plums, (and who does not?) I would say, here lies the secret. Cut green knots, instead of black ones. By following this practice, I have succeeded in raising very fine trees—not a black knot is ever seen on them. A swelling is occasionally found, but it is taken in time to secure the maggot. By this means the insects are reduced to that degree that my trees never suffer thereby. I have trees from 4 to 6 years from the graft, from 8 to 10 feet high, with large spreading heads, bearing the first season from 1 to more than 2 bushels per tree, of most splendid fruit, as many a satisfied appetite can testify."

The second is from W. Adair, who communicates his ideas to the April number of the Horticulturist, from which we extract the following:—

He observes that an acquaintance of his, finding that the hens and the pigs which were suffered to run among his plum trees, did not destroy the curculio, he concluded to cover the ground beneath his trees, with fresh horse manure, when the fruit was beginning to form. The experiment was attended with success. The covering is renewed every season, and he is rewarded with good crops for his trouble. He relates another experiment which was eminently successful last season, and he recommends a pretty extensive trial of it this season. It is this:—

As soon as the fruit is as large as pears, take a common paint brush, or a woolen rag, and some fish oil, and cover all of the principal branches and trunk of the tree with oil. He says that the application is cheap and requires to be done only once in the season.

He also states that he had the pleasure of examining several trees which had been served in this manner the past season, and they had to be propped up to prevent their being broken down with the weight of fruit.

Our readers will observe that this is the result of one experiment, and of one year's trial. We do not know what will be the final effect on the tree to cover it with fish oil every year. If it should invariably check the ravages of the curculio, and not hurt the tree, it will be a rare discovery.

NEWFOUNDLAND "BAKE APPLE."—What is it? A writer in the Scientific American over the signature of J. O., and who dates from St. George's Bay, giving a sketch of Newfoundland, says:—"In the marshes is a fruit like a strawberry, of a bright yellow when ripe, called 'bake apple,' from its flavor; it makes a delicate preserve." Can any of our Horticulturists or travelers tell us what this fruit is, and whether it has ever been introduced into New England?

GRAFTING LARGE LIMBS.

We prefer, in grafting old orchards, to graft the young branches, or suckers, as some call them, which spring out of the limb. Wm. Com of Troy, Michigan, in a communication to the Michigan Farmer on the subject of grafting and orcharding, recommends grafting the large limbs. He says "when grafting old trees, cut the limbs very close to the body, say from four to six inches. Get your top down, you will soon see the benefit of it. You can never get a fine top from grafts set six or eight feet from the bodies. If you have to cut six inches through there, there is no danger if you set scions enough and keep it covered with wax."

In setting into large stocks, don't split your limbs square across, (but make several splits on the outside centering inward like the spokes to a wheel, &c.) Be careful to set in scions enough to heal the outside as soon as may be, and you can then cut out what you don't need."

We have never seen Mr. Com's method adopted among us, but presume where the tree is vigorous and thrifty it would work well. There is one thing we have learned by experience in grafting old trees, whether you graft at the ends of limbs six or eight feet from the body or cut off to within six or eight inches of the body, you must look out to have leaves enough either on the grafts or suckers, during the summer to elaborate sap wood enough to cover or sheath that limb over by the second year at least. We have seen grafts put into the extremity of an old limb, say four or five feet from the body. All the suckers were then carefully cut off, and kept off through the season. The graft grows well during the first summer, for the layer of sap wood, (alburnum) made the season previous, conveys an abundance of sap to it. Its leaves elaborate this sap into new sap wood, and send it down to form a new layer or sheath for the limb, through which the next year's sap may come up, but does not form enough of it. The graft struts again next spring perhaps vigorously, for the old sap wood still conveys sap to it, but by fall it begins to falter, and during the next season it dies. This has been the case with some old limbs in our own orchard, that had been grafted and so managed, and on cutting off the limbs and stripping the bark off, we found that the successive layers of new sap wood, (alburnum,) did not cover or sheath over the limb, and hence, probably, the death of the whole.

For the Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE IN SCHOOLS.

MR. EDITOR:—After the able report you have published on the subject of Education in Agricultural Science, I am glad to see the remarks of your correspondent "A," in your paper of to day. He does not disapprove, it would seem, of the plan recommended in the report, as a part of a system, since it is only "the elements of scientific agriculture," or such a view of the science as shall correspond, in relative extent, with the instruction afforded in natural philosophy, astronomy, &c., that he would have taught in our common schools. And as you express the wish to have this matter of agricultural education discussed, I take my pen to endorse the suggestion, that education in that branch of knowledge should be neither confined to nor excluded from that branch of our educational system which is the only one to which so large a part of our people can have access. Is there any good reason why that science should not be taught, like others, its elements in our common schools, and more at length in our higher seminaries? Indeed is there not a very good reason why it should take priority of other sciences in those schools, in its direct connection with practical life. And if practical life be regarded as the direct end of education, might not other sciences be taught with a closer view to their bearing on that end? and perhaps it may be found that with this object more fully in view in the preparation of school books in those departments of instruction, they might be made to subserve their purpose more effectually.

In regard to the study of agricultural science, were the amount of applicable knowledge to be obtained very small, there would yet result a benefit at the present time more important still—a conviction of the reality and importance of agriculture as a science; and thus with the advantage of making early impressions, under the prestige of the school room, the prejudice which is still so extensive and so strong as to lead you to remark that it may take a century to wake all the farmers up, may be very much expedited in its descent into the tomb of those other prejudices which have done so much to obstruct the progress of knowledge.

Books for this purpose should be so brief or compact, as to admit of being gone through with thoroughly, in a single term; and care should be used that they convey no false and therefore injurious impression as to what the pupil has actually learned; but that they excite in him a curiosity for further researches, by availing himself of the advantages of those fields of knowledge to which he has had as yet but an introduction, and in which all that is now known is but an introduction to discoveries still more varied and important, which the progress of the science may be expected to vouchsafe. G.

Portland, April 5th, 1855.

ANOTHER CURE FOR GARGET.

MR. JOSEPH MERRIMAN, of Ohio, in an article communicated by him to the Ohio Farmer on this subject, says the disease may be cured thus:—"Take raw linseed oil and rub all over the cow's bag, which, if done on the first appearance, is what is needed generally, but two or three applications always have cured the most stubborn cases, and is easily done." He says he has seen cows that no milk could be got from, cured in forty-eight hours, in summer, and they gave nearly as much milk as they did before they were sick. This is certainly easily tried, and no great harm can be done to the cow, if it should not prove successful.

The horticulturists of Paris have succeeded by artificial crossings in obtaining a natural rose of blue color, which is the fourth color obtained by artificial means.

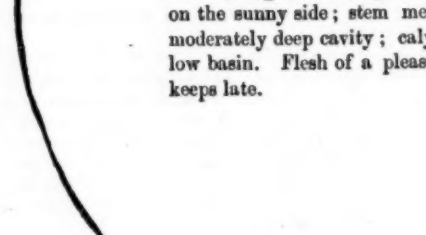
APPLES FOR CULTIVATION.—No. 2.

Jersey Greening. The superb apple known here under this name, is worthy of particular notice, and a place on every farm. I have not recognized it as being generally disseminated through the State. It may exist under this or other names in various localities, but had I passed the tree at less than railroad speed, I think I should have known it.

I received scions of my neighbor, Capt. Salmon Holmes, about ten years since, and first

grafted a row of trees on the road-wall. The trees had been several years set, and had attained a diameter of about four to five inches. Some of these trees have since produced three barrels of apples in a season. About 300 apples fill a barrel. It is an early winter fruit, though some cellar keep them through the winter. It is remarkable as being tender and good for cooking when young. All windfalls may be used to profit.

The trees make broad and heavy tops, branch-



Size, large; color, light straw, with a blush on the sunny side; stem medium length, in a moderately deep cavity; calyx small, in a shallow basin. Flesh of a pleasant sub acid taste, keeps late.

As numerous and well set, long jointed, free from spurs, bark very smooth. Require much care by annual pruning when young, or the tops will form too thick. They are good subjects for the novice in pruning to practice on. The tree is well adapted to field or road side. It is strong and obtains a gigantic size. In half it is better adapted to being set on the head of a standard than low set in the nursery. I am troubled to get it to rise in a well developed trunk. I consider this the most valuable early fruit we have.

Chamberlain Sweeting, originated on the farm of the late Samuel Chamberlain, Esq., of Foxcroft. Described and named by the Editor of the Maine Farmer, some years since. The earliest ripe of any apple we know. Fine, delicate texture, and very sweet.

Spurr Sweet. The late S. C. Esq., grafted this forty years ago. Scions from Southbridge or Charleston, Mass. The writer has never met the apple, except in the vicinity of the latter place, and here from the above grafting. When in Sept. and Oct. Large, flat, yellow ripe ripen, marked with dull red in the sun. Mellow on the tree, and often cracks early round the centre when in perfection. A very rich sweet.

Back-Dore Sweet, is ripe at the same time as the before named. Obtained from Worcester County, Mass., where it is well known. One or two trees of each of the two last named varieties, near the house, will contribute much to the healthful pleasures of a family. These apples are much the best when ripened on the



tree, and eat when they fall. They will continue two months or more.

River Apple, originated on the bank of Charles River, Charlestown, Mass., more than one hundred years ago. September and October here. Good size, delicious, mild acid. Much admired in Cumberland county. Have proved slow to come into bearing here.

Dr. D. O. Lyson, Gravenstein, Swaar, Kilham Hill and Northern Spy, have not yet fruited with me.

Pound Sour. The writer, in Sept. 1849 found trees in full bearing, under this name, in the south part of Oneida Co. N. York, a few miles south of Utica. No apples worth being named, of any other kind, were grown there that season. By an arrangement then made with a friend, I received scions by mail the following winter. Unfortunately the scions, with one exception, were set in a tree that has done nothing. From the one successful scion we have multiplied them in nursery, but none have yet fruited. The tree from whence my scions were taken, produced forty bushels of apples in '49. Rev. Mr. L. from Mass., since largely engaged in fruit growing in Oneida Co., a well read pomologist, considers it a native of that locality. In 1847 or '48, the apples on an orchard in Marshall, Oneida Co., were sold to a Boston gentleman, he superintending the picking. Of this variety I am assured they filled barrels successively with 150 apples! The tree appears hardy and at home here, and of it our "hope is large." It is a winter apple.

dropping the "sweet." In a small nursery, a part of which is so situated that the snow is usually blown off, in the hard winter of 1853-4, I left trees of two year's growth from the graft, standing in the most exposed situation, the ground clean tilled and no much or protection whatever, and in one hundred trees each of Bailey's Golden and Northern Spy, not a tree suffered in the least; while most others, about forty varieties under treatment, were more or less "shortened in" by the cold.

Bailey's Golden are the largest and fairest nursery trees for the age, that we can show. C. C. Foxcroft, March 26th, 1854.

OSCARING.

In a former article I wrote something about oscaring, or old lands. Orchardists may be had much cheaper on lands newly cleared. As soon as the timber is cleared off, set trees in the best places, say in the ends or hollows, and with regard to rows. Fill deep hollows some, before setting, so that the ground will be nearly level when the trees are set; better set at least one stake before covering the roots; lean a little to the north-west, leaving the ground so that the water will not stand around the trees.

Set trees very close on the borders, if exposed to winds, especially on the N. and W., perhaps two rows one rod apart, and one tree between each four. These thick set trees will serve to preserve the others from winds, and be likely to bear as many apples for the first 15 years, as if they were further apart, and as the limbs interfere shorten in and let them extend upwards. Suffer nothing to grow within 5 or 6 feet of the trees, but maul, or keep the ground stirred around them.

A good way is to set four stakes, and nail on strips around each tree, and pasture with sheep, but they will try hard to browse the trees; they often run over the fence on the crust and browse on apple trees. Such things must be seen to.

In April, May and June, look out for caterpillar's eggs and nests, and destroy them; put birch or something else around the trunks to keep off the mice, or with a 5 or 6 quartered auger, bore some 4 inches deep in blocks of wood, putting in a mixture of arsenic and corn meal, and place one near every harbor for mice near your orchard; make it fast and place it so that the water will not run in, and occasionally renew the mixture.

Distance apart for trees. With regard to this opinions are various. Forty feet apart gives about twenty-eight trees to the acre, two rods gives forty, one rod gives one hundred and sixty, one-half rod gives six hundred and forty, which for the first ten years would be likely to yield as much fruit to the tree as if there were only forty to the acre.

In exposed situations they should be rather thick, especially on the borders, one and a half rod is a fair distance in this climate, or set apple and pear trees two rods each way, and set plum and cherry, dwarf pear and dwarf apple between, each way. The plum and cherry with the dwarfs, will soon bear, have their day, and leave room for the others. Good fruit may be raised very cheap on new lands, I know of no rod half so profitable. Suppose you set 640 baldwins, whether on one acre or eight, they will be likely when set six years, to have produced one bushel to a tree, and after that 640 bushels a year on an average.

I suppose an orchard set two rods apart, would be worth more money after 25 years, than one set only one rod distant. Every farmer who has a good orcharding land, should have an orchard of sweet apples for hogs and other stock. But the two legged hogs would be likely to make away with most of the apples for many years to come.

Come, friends, take up your pens and give us something on the subject; we need line upon line, and precept upon precept. There are many orchards growing up in this vicinity, bearing very little fruit of much account; seedling trees from older apples, and we are frequently told, that as every one is having their trees grafted, the natural fruit will soon be worth more than the grafted.

I take this opportunity to offer my thanks to those who have responded to my inquiry about scions, as I cannot write to them all. JAMES ADAMS. Exeter Mills, Feb. 26, 1855.

WHAT THE SMALL FARMERS NEED.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been a resident of Maine for thirty-five years, and have spent much time in felling trees and clearing land. I have seen large crops taken from the soil. I have also seen some lands that refused to bear, but why they were barren I am unable to say.

Some of my neighbors, as well as myself, have ploughed many pieces of land that did not seem to need dressing in particular, unless it were ashes or lime, or something of that character, but which, or what, I cannot tell.

I have frequently seen, in the Farmer, complaints that Maine often lost her best sons by emigration; and my mind is, if she wants to stop this flow of emigration she must contrive in some way to instruct her sons how to renovate her soil.

A model and experimental farm has been recommended. I have no doubt it would be useful, but it doesn't seem to be just what we fifty-acre farmers need. We want a man in every town, or that can visit every town, who can demonstrate to us what we most need to restore fertility to our land—tell us what is lacking, and how to supply it. If the State Government would see fit to appropriate some of her dollars for this purpose, it would be of great service to us. Let her employ a man to examine and tell us small farmers what we want on this side of our farms, and what on that side, and what in the valley. It may be one kind of dressing or it may be several kinds. I think most of our farms require different kinds for different parts of our lands.

We fifty-acre farmers cannot follow Mr. Somebody with his thousands to experiment with. We are under the necessity of digging this or that little patch, and dress it all with the same kind of material, and hence we get a variable crop—more where the dressing suits, and less where it does not. If we knew exactly where to place the particular ingredient needed—say lime here, and plaster or plaster in another place—we should raise in Maine thousands of bushels more of grains and other crops. We should not in such case have the western fever so hard as to make our hair curl.

I have some thoughts on pasturing which I must defer until another time. A FIFTY-ACRE FARMER. Corinna, March 26, 1855.

SPEED THE PLOW.

Speed the plow and turn the furrow, Scatter wide the yellow grain; Soon it will, with golden harvest, Bring us a hundred fold again. Who is happy at the plowman's Up and singing with the sun— Happy, trudging in the furrow, Happy, when the day is done.

Speed the plow, and turn the furrow, Sow the seed, and reap the land; Every not the king his sceptre, Better fill the plowman's hand. None so happy as the plowman, None on earth so true a lord; Reaper of the golden harvest, Planter of the golden word!

APPLES FOR CULTIVATION.

MR. EDITOR:—Many varieties of apples are raised in this State, and nearly as many opinions exist respecting these varieties, according to the cultivation, the climate, or the time when the fruit is eaten, whether it be too early or too late, or when in perfection, which is the time to do justice to any fruit. If tested at any other time it will be called second rate, when by giving it a fair chance it will prove to be first rate. An apple may continue sound for weeks and even months after its flavor is lost and of course not fit to be eaten. Some apples, consequently, are called winter apples because they do not rot till winter, when in fact, they are best in the fall months and should therefore be called fall apples. I have kept the Fairbanks Apple, (which is in perfection in this country from the last of Sept. until the first of Nov.) till Feb., and some of the windfalls even till April, but they were worthless even in winter, and unhealthy. The Wintrop Greening, which in November is considered, by those who know most about it, to be the richest and best apple raised in this State, still I have kept it until March, but it is depreciated in flavor very much, and I find it is with most varieties, that they are made more worthless or nearly so by exposure and keeping after they are in perfection.

Our friend C. C., of Foxcroft, in speaking of varieties, says "it is of the first importance that the name should be uniform." I agree with him in this fact, and that people should know the real names, and where to apply them. I have heard many persons say that there were several kinds of Baldwins. Well, what were the facts? The Baldwin by having different localities, either shade or sun, often varies in outward appearance, but this is not the greatest fault in the different varieties of this apple. Knowing this apple to be red, almost any winter apple of this color is called, by some individuals, Baldwin. The Esopus Spitzenburg which was grafted in this county long before the Baldwin, is erroneously called by that name. The Red Nonpareil, a very different fruit in flavor, is called so, and one man, because it did not keep as long, called it Red Baldwin. Another person said to me that he raised three kinds of Baldwins, grafted by different persons. He then showed me the kind he said I grafted for him, which was a large flat apple with sunny side more red than the side shaded by leaves or otherwise; he showed me a smaller sized variety, much lighter red covered with light spots, a better one in flavor than the other, of which the true name was Esopus Spitzenburg. Another kind that grew in the field, a native apple, but had the appearance of the Baldwin, and he sold them with his Baldwins. The fault is in the individuals and not in the fruit.

Mr. C. C. says, in speaking of the Ribston Pippin, "F. of Augusta says of it—Early Winter. 'Dose he say it from experience in the climate of Augusta?' He does. More than thirty years since, my father went from Wintrop to Hallowell and obtained some scions of this variety, of the Vaughns, which they brought years before from England, and grafted for themselves, it being highly thought of there. I grafted in the same orchard of the Ribston Pippin twenty seven years ago, and have grafted it more or less almost every year since; have eaten this fruit every year from youth up. I now own the orchard spoken of in W., and gathered R. P. apples from it last fall; they are frequently ripe when gathered in Oct., and good for eating, but are best with us in December, they sometimes keep till February, but it is not safe to rely on them. It, of course, will keep later in Piscataquis than in Kennebec; apples that keep scarcely through the winter months, we call early winter."

He also adds, "F. of Augusta, says—Nod-head, a fine fall variety, certainly that must have been borrowed." It was not borrowed, dear sir, but given from personal knowledge of the apple in this county, it is an October and November apple here, and we have made some inquiry, since reading the remarks of our friend in Foxcroft, respecting the time when it is best in Somerset, and find it to be in October. This apple will sometimes continue sound and in pretty good flavor for several months in winter; it is peculiar in this thing beyond most other fall varieties, still we call an apple a fall variety that is in perfection at that time.

Our object in this communication is not to misstate or guess at what we write, but to state facts from personal experience and thereby impart information to our friends and Horticulturists that will benefit them in this most interesting and useful occupation. F. Augusta, April 6, 1855.

HARROWING WHEAT IN THE SPRING.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE MICHIGAN FARMER says that Mr. James Worthington, of Homer, Michigan, had last spring a lot of wheat which looked so bad that he had not the field been seeded down to clover he should have ploughed it up and sown it with spring crops. Instead of doing so, he took a "sharp strap harrow" and with it "tore the land thoroughly to pieces." He then rolled the land with a smooth heavy roller. This covered the roots again and they soon took hold and the wheat began to improve. The field contained some 40 acres, and the result is that "every acre of it will probably yield over 15 bushels and a majority over 20 bushels" per acre.

Corinna, March 26, 1855.

MOORE CORN.

Some inquiries received relating to the cultivation of Broom Corn, induce us to give a few items of information on that subject. Broom Corn will thrive on any land where Indian Corn grows well. The preparation of the soil, the manure required, and the after cultivation are very much alike for each crop. One grower says that it always succeeds best on the inverted soil of an old meadow or pasture, and is a very sure crop, having never failed with him except from late frosts. In the Mohawk valley, Broom corn is raised on the flats very successfully. Still clay, such as one correspondent mentions, would not be the best soil which could be chosen—unless well drained and manured.

As early as the season will admit, the ground selected should be prepared and planted. The latter operation is performed with a seed planter, or drill, in rows about three and one-half feet apart. Some seasons it is delayed by unfavorable weather as late as the first week in June. As soon as the corn is fairly up, it is hoed, and soon after thinned so as to leave the stalks two or three inches apart in the row. If only hoed along the rows, the remaining surface is kept clean by the frequent use of the cultivator, and the working finished by running a shovel or double mouldboard plough rather shallow between the rows.

It was formerly the practice to let the Broom corn stand until quite ripe, and also to break down the tops and let them hang for some weeks, so that the brush might straighten evenly. Now the tops are lopped while the brush is quite green and the seed yet in the milk, and then cut down by a second set of hands, while a third leads them into wagons and takes them to the factory, one of which is generally carried on by those who grow much Broom corn. There they are parcelled into sorts of equal length and the seed taken off by a hatching machine, carried by water, steam or horse power. It is then spread thin on racks under shelter, and will dry in about a week, so that it may be packed in bulk.

An average yield is stated to be about one hundred brooms per acre—one hundred pounds of cleaned broom making about seventy brooms of the average size. The stalks are five or six feet high after the brush is cut off, and are generally left on the field to be plowed in the succeeding spring. It is said that the stalks are full of leaves which are very nutritious, and in case of need, would furnish a large amount of good food for cattle. They can be cut and dried for winter, or eaten green by stock on the ground. The seed is used as food for fowls, and sometimes as food for stock. (Ohio Farmer.)

HEADING OF GARBAGE AND CAULIFLOWER.

We notice in the Country Gentleman, page 121, an allusion to a common practice among practical gardeners, and especially among the market gardeners of London, (a pretty rare index as to the efficacy of any particular routine in kitchen garden operations,) of the probable beneficial effects of transplanting cabbage or cauliflower, and we might add any of the tribe, at two different times. The method is this, and we would advise each and every one who can possibly spare the time, to practice it. In the case of field culture, where the quantity of cabbage for instance is reckoned by the acre, it is scarcely possible to spare the time necessary to perform it; but for the garden, it is every way preferable. Whether the seed is sown in a gentle hotbed, or in the open border later in the season, is of no consequence; as soon as the young plants put forth their rough leaf, or are large enough to handle, they are carefully taken up, and "pricked out" into other borders to two or four inches apart each way. They are carefully watered if dry weather, and shaded from the sun if late in the season, and stand in this place till they become good stocky plants. They are then carefully lifted, and the tap-root having been severed in the act of raising them from the seed bed, they will have thrown out a large quantity of fibres, and hence have a ball of roots so to speak, to take hold of the soil at once.

The beneficial effect of the operation may be explained thus. The cabbage tribe for culinary use, as every botanist knows, is a species of Morphology, or monstrous development of certain parts of its structure, and dependent upon a high state of culture to exhibit its greatest degree of monstrous or cabbage headed form. Lessen this, and you at once bring it back into a nearer approximation to its original type, which consists in its springing up, perfecting its root, and dying away. The transplanting then destroys its tap root, encourages a quantity of fibres to take its place, and hence increases its capability to develop its monstrous, and to the wants of man, its best shape.

[E. Sanders, in Country Gentleman.]

THE WHEAT COR. The Fire-side Journal says: Teach your children, in mercy to spare the nests of the harmless little birds, and if you have a heart to be thankful, it will rise up in union with the little songster's carol, to thank you for its nest in such a vale of flowers and singing birds. These are some of the many things proved to lighten the toil of labor, and it is only a educated taste acquired from a false system of education, that prevents us from deriving a great deal of happiness from such small accompaniments of the journey of life.

THE WHEAT COR. The Fire-side Journal says: Teach your children, in mercy to spare the nests of the harmless little birds, and if you have a heart to be thankful, it will rise up in union with the little songster's carol, to thank you for its nest in such a vale of flowers and singing birds. These are some of the many things proved to lighten the toil of labor, and it is only a educated taste acquired from a false system of education, that prevents us from deriving a great deal of happiness from such small accompaniments of the journey of life.

THE WHEAT COR. The Fire-side Journal says: Teach your children, in mercy to spare the nests of the harmless little birds, and if you have a heart to be thankful, it will rise up in union with the little songster's carol, to thank you for its nest in such a vale of flowers and singing birds. These are some of the many things proved to lighten the toil of labor, and it is only a educated taste acquired from a false system of education, that prevents us from deriving a great deal of happiness from such small accompaniments of the journey of life.

THE WHEAT COR. The Fire-side Journal says: Teach your children, in mercy to spare the nests of the harmless little birds, and if you have a heart to be thankful, it will rise up in union with the little songster's carol, to thank you for its nest in such a vale of flowers and singing birds. These are some of the many things proved to lighten the toil of labor, and it is only a educated taste acquired from a false system of education, that prevents us from deriving a great deal of happiness from such small accompaniments of the journey of life.

THE WHEAT COR. The Fire-side Journal says: Teach your children, in mercy to spare the nests of the harmless little birds, and if you have a heart to be thankful, it will rise up in union with the little songster's carol, to thank you for its nest in such a vale of flowers and singing birds. These are some of the many things proved to lighten the toil of labor, and it is only a educated taste acquired from a false system of education, that prevents us from deriving a great deal of happiness from such small accompaniments of the journey of life.

THE WHEAT COR. The Fire-side Journal says: Teach your children, in mercy to spare the nests of the harmless little birds, and if you have a heart to be thankful, it will rise up in union with the little songster's carol, to thank you for its nest in such a vale of flowers and singing birds. These are some of the many things proved to lighten the toil of labor, and it is only a educated taste acquired from a false system of education, that prevents us from deriving a great deal of happiness from such small accompaniments of the journey of life.

THE WHEAT COR. The Fire-side Journal says: Teach your children, in mercy to spare the nests of the harmless little birds, and if you have a heart to be thankful, it will rise up in union with the little songster's carol, to thank you for its nest in such a vale of flowers and singing birds. These are some of the many things proved to lighten the toil of labor, and it is only a educated taste acquired from a false system of education, that prevents us from deriving a great deal of happiness from such small accompaniments of the journey of life.

THE WHEAT COR. The Fire-side Journal says: Teach your children, in mercy to spare the nests of the harmless little birds, and if you have a heart to be thankful, it will rise up in union with the little songster's carol, to thank you for its nest in such a vale of flowers and singing birds. These are some of the many things proved to lighten the toil of labor, and it is only a educated taste acquired from a false system of education, that prevents us from deriving a great deal of happiness from such small accompaniments of the journey of life.











## The Muse.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.  
SALLY CLAIR.

BY THOMAS HARRISON.

The sun was breaking brightly o'er the meadows and  
The lark was singing sweetly on the maple tree;  
The whistle of the ploughboy, along the winding rills,  
Kissed my heart in gladness as the ripples kiss the sea;  
And the gentle winds of heaven—it was long—long ago—  
Set all my hopes on tiptoe, so kindly did they blow.

That morning brings back to me the freshness of my youth—  
The simplicity of boyhood—the sanctity of truth.  
I look in memory's mirror, my early life in sooth,  
Seeing wiser in its mist of care and older in its truth.

Than the hackneyed days of manhood, the cold  
worldly brow,  
With the follies and the follies that oft beset me now.

Those were happy days of dreaming, days of frequent  
happy thought,  
When all my heart was teeming with a love by gold  
unbought;

Then naught in life was seeming, but with feelings  
deeply fraught,  
All the wide world was beaming, with one mighty  
light—light caught  
From the instincts of our being, and the lessons by  
then taught—

All full of good meaning, and of hopes that came  
unthought.  
That morning I remember—'twas in the month of  
June—  
The flowers were opening fresh, and the birds were  
all in tune;

The winds were playing gently with the leaves  
among the trees,  
The buds were yielding kindly their rich nectar to  
the bee;

The earth was humming soft lullabies to the  
air,  
When first I gazed upon the face of pretty Sally  
Clair.

'Twas the foliage of a plum-bush, by margin of the  
wood,  
Sat Sally softly blushing in the spring of woman-  
hood;  
With her bosom full of plums and her cheeks as full  
of roses.

And her brown auburn ringlets wreathed round with  
meadow pinks,  
In her pride and flush of maidenhood alone she sat  
and bloomed.

While in reveries of boyhood I mused as one en-  
tomb'd.  
Sally glanced towards me slyly from the corner of  
her eye,  
She took my form and stature, and dropped a gentle  
sigh.

She saw my quick confusion, and laughed with all  
her heart,  
That a boy so young and handsome should be blank  
and start;

Her laugh rang out so joyously upon the balmy air—  
I looked no longer boyishly upon pretty Sally Clair.  
With a step assured and manly, I walked up by her  
side,

While my cheeks mantled warmly, and my heart  
beat with pride;  
I softly pressed, yet fondly, my hand upon her brow,  
And she gazed back full kindly into my face, I know;  
I never felt so strangely, from that happy day to  
this,

As when I knelt a wooer, and imprinted one sweet  
kiss.  
Sally loved me none the less for the boldness of this  
frank.

Sally failed not to caress the hot blush upon my  
cheek;  
Ah! that dimple in her own cheek, red lip, and smiling  
eye,  
Of all beautiful and rare things, were most beautiful  
and rare;

She knew not the care and not, how strong might be  
her passion,  
For she was a child of nature, and not a thing of  
fashion.

How I deemed myself a man, how my bosom swelled  
with pride,  
That Sally should in future be my own, my darling  
bride.

Methought I reigned a monarch, and Sally was my  
queen,  
And all the world was subject, and I and Sally were  
supreme;

We built a fairy castle, all pillared on the air;  
I was the king of fairies, and the queen was Sally  
Clair.

The greenest groves of myrtle, in their lush  
feathered tribes,  
The Oriental melodies of the ancient lyre serried;  
The rare and radiant beauty of Cleopatra's fairest  
maid,

The green and golden islands, with which ocean is  
inlaid;  
The Naiads, in their coral shade, 'neath their silent  
crystal hair,  
Could not surpass the happiness of me and Sally  
Clair.

In those days of boyish dreaming, I enchanted every  
scene;  
I colored every wildwood with Elysian greenery;  
Though Sally was my wood-nymph, and I was Sally's  
lord,

Yet, how I harkened eagerly, to Sally's slightest  
word.  
She was to me the future, of the past I had no care,  
For the pride of my ambition was the love of Sally  
Clair.

Even now, since Time has written his rough wrinkles  
on my brow,  
And the cares of life weigh heavy, my energies to  
bow,  
I sometimes feel a whisper, stealing gently through  
my senses.

Soft sounding, like the fae notes that thrush through  
the planets roll;  
Not 'till I am alone, when it comes I am aware,  
That a sweet breath of memory from pretty Sally  
Clair.

## The Story-Teller.

From the Ring of our Union.

THE MILL PRIVILEGE.

OR,

How Mr. Tattall Overreached Himself.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In one of the new towns of Maine, some thirty  
years ago, lived a man named John Tattall.  
He was a close-fisted, digging man, and never  
scrupled to make the best of a bargain at all  
points within the limits of written law. He never  
hesitated to make capital of other people's  
necessities, and any event that could put a  
dollar into his till was all right to him. Once  
a neighbor lost a fine ox just at a time when he  
was in the midst of fulfilling a contract for  
cutting down and hauling out lumber. The  
contract was worth a thousand dollars, and he  
was to forfeit one half of it if he did not have  
all the logs in the river before the snow melted  
in the spring. The loss of his best ox would  
ruin him if he could not make his place good.  
He knew that Tattall had plenty of oxen, and  
he went to him and stated his case. Now John  
Tattall had a number of old oxen which he had  
brought to place in a drove which he meant to  
drive to market; so he could have sold one just  
as well as not. But he saw his neighbor's  
necessity, and he meant to profit by it. He would  
not sell unless he could sell a pair, and not then  
without an enormous price. The poor lumber-  
man begged and entreated, but it was of no  
avail. There was not another ox to be bought  
for miles and miles about, for Mr. Tattall had

bought them all up. The neighbor could not  
allow his work to lie still, so he paid Tattall  
full double what the oxen were worth, and took  
them away.

Then it was that he happened to think of his  
old ox. He knew 'twas better by far than  
either of those he had bought of Tattall, and he  
drove it over to the cattle dealer's to sell it, as  
he had no use for it. Tattall offered him  
twenty dollars for it—just one-fifth of what he  
had obtained for the yoke he had sold! We  
will not tell all the conversation and bantering  
that followed, but suffice it to say that Tattall  
got the ox, and that in the end he made a profit  
of just seventy-five dollars of his poor and hard  
working neighbor.

That was the character of the man, and all  
his neighbors knew it. Yet he was respected,  
for he had money, and many people depended  
on him for work, though their pitance for such  
work was begrudging in the extreme. Mr. Tattall's  
farm was situated upon quite a large river, and  
he owned to a great extent on both sides of it.  
When he bought there he had some faint idea  
that at some time there would be a mill put up  
there, and thus greatly enhance the value of his  
lot, for there was quite a fall in the river where  
he owned, and a most excellent mill privilege  
was thus afforded. But he could never build  
the mill, for he had not the money to spare,  
nor had he the energy. About two years pre-  
vious to the opening of our story, some men  
had come to examine the fall of the river, and  
they talked of buying and building extensive  
mill works. Tattall knew that if such was  
done, the value of all the good land about him  
would be advanced, and he bought up all he  
could, so that at the present time he owned not  
less than a thousand acres.

One day in early spring, just as the ice had  
broken up, a man called on Tattall, and wished  
to examine the mill privilege. His name was  
Lemuel Farnsworth, and he was a young man,  
not more than thirty years of age, full of enter-  
prise and integrity. Mr. Tattall accompanied  
his visitor out to the river, and after examining  
the premises, the latter expressed himself much  
pleased with them.

"O," exclaimed Tattall, "this is just about  
the finest privilege in the State. The water  
cannot fall, and you see there would be power  
enough to drive a dozen mills."

"I see," returned Farnsworth, "but he did not  
express all he thought. He merely acknowl-  
edged that the privilege was good. 'If I buy here,'  
he continued, 'I should want to know fifty or  
sixty acres of land to go with the water lot,  
for I should want lumber enough to put up all  
my buildings, and some besides, of my own, to  
commence work on.'"

"You can have all you want," was Tattall's  
reply; and shortly afterwards they returned to  
the house.

"Now what is your price?" asked Farnsworth,  
after he had declined to take a glass of rum  
which had been poured out for him.

"Well," returned Tattall, thoughtfully, "I  
haven't thought much of selling, for I have had  
some idea of putting up a mill there myself."

This was a falsehood; but then Tattall said  
such things as naturally as a child laughs when  
it is pleased.

"Well, you will sell, I suppose?"

"O, yes."

"Then what will be your price?"

"You mean for the mill privilege and the  
fifty acres of woodland?"

"Yes."

"Well—the water lot is valuable, and we all  
know that the land is excellent, and then the  
lumber on it is of the first quality."

"I have seen all that, sir. Now for your  
price."

"Well, I have thought that if some one would  
put up a mill there I would sell the privilege,  
with land enough for a garden and the necessary  
buildings—about six acres—for a thousand  
dollars. And then if you wanted the fifty  
acres, I should say about seven hundred dol-  
lars more."

"But, my dear sir," uttered Farnsworth, in  
surprise, "do you consider how this mill will  
enhance the value of your other property?"

We mean to put up, not only a saw-mill, but  
also a good grist-mill, and a carding and cloth-  
ing mill, so that we can save the lumber, grind  
the grain, card the wool, and dress the cloth,  
for people who may come and settle here."

"Then you mean to do all this?" said Tattall,  
really surprised, but without showing it.

"Yes, sir."

Now Tattall knew that this would be a vast  
benefit to him. The nearest mill was six miles  
off, and even that was a poor flimsy concern,  
put upon a small brook that was dry nearly  
half the year. From this circumstance people  
had not settled down on the rich lands by the  
river, and the huge trees yet stood upon the  
finest alluvial soil in that section of the country.

Such an establishment Mr. Tattall at once saw  
would draw quite a village together in a few  
years, and thus his land would make him inde-  
pendently wealthy. But he believed he had the  
power all in his own hands, and he meant to use  
it.

"I cannot take a cent less," he said, after a  
moment's thought. "To be sure, the establish-  
ment you speak of will be a benefit to me, but  
that is no reason why I should sacrifice now.  
It will also be a benefit to you for which you  
can well afford to pay. If you will take the  
whole for seventeen hundred dollars, you can  
have it."

"Well," said Mr. Farnsworth, "I have a  
partner engaged with me in this business, and  
I must see him first. I will explain the case to  
him, and next day after to-morrow I will see  
you again."

Mr. Farnsworth left, and when Tattall found  
himself alone, he began to meditate upon the  
plan he had thus entered upon.

"If these two men have got their minds set-  
tled upon this mill," he said to himself, "they  
won't stop at trifles. Of course they have got  
money enough, or else they wouldn't be going  
into any such extensive business. I'll feel of  
em."

Mr. Tattall said with a sort of chuckle,  
and he clasped his hand fast together just as  
though he had a helpless man within his grasp.

At the appointed time Mr. Farnsworth re-  
turned, and with him came his partner, a man  
of about the same age with himself, named  
Ridgely. They went out and looked the place  
all over, and at length they concluded they  
would pay the seventeen hundred dollars. It  
was a heavy sum—much more than the property  
was worth, but they had set their hearts upon  
building the mill in that section, and they  
wished not to give it up.

"Ab, gentlemen," said Tattall, with a bland  
smile, after their offer had been made, "that  
price was not a fixed one, that was only a sum  
named two days ago for acceptance or rejection  
then. I gave no claim or refusal. I cannot  
sell for that now."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Mr. Farn-  
sworth.

"I am, most assuredly."

"And for what will you sell now?"

"You may have the whole for twenty-two  
hundred dollars."

"But, sir," uttered Ridgely, "that is non-  
sensical. The mills may not return us a cent  
for years. Why, sir, for six years at least,

you will make more by the mills than we  
shall."

"That is looking farther ahead than is need-  
ed," replied Tattall; "the property is worth  
what I have asked."

"But you will take off something?"

"No, sir."

"You will say two thousand?"

"Not a cent less than twenty-two hun-  
dred."

Both the young men saw that Tattall was  
trying to overreach them, but they did not  
give vent to their feelings, for they wanted  
the mill privilege much. They had examined  
the nature of the land up and down the river,  
and they had found that for many miles it was  
a rich, deep interval, and that such works as  
they meant to put up would surely make a  
large village there in a few years. And then  
the circumstance upland was good, being beau-  
tifully divided into undulating tracts, and bear-  
ing a heavy growth of oak and maple. But they  
were not prepared to pay a sum which they  
knew was only forced upon them through their  
necessity.

Many a man would have almost given them  
the mill privilege in consideration of the bene-  
fit that would thereby accrue to the other  
property. The two young men pointed out to  
Mr. Tattall all this; they told him they were  
going to embark their little all in the enter-  
prise, and that they should have nearly all  
their money paid out if they gave him such a  
price for his property. But he cared not for  
that.

The result of the conference was, that the  
young men wanted a week in which to  
consider upon the matter, and make up their  
minds.

"Very well," said Tattall, "you can take  
as long as you like."

"But you will not rise on your price again?"  
added Farnsworth.

"Don't know about that," was the response.  
"The offer I have just made is open only for  
to-day."

The two partners conversed together in a  
whisper, and for a few moments they had a  
mind to accept Tattall's offer. They saw that  
they were completely in his power, and they  
had read enough of his character to be assured  
that he would rob them of every penny they  
had if he could do so under cover of law. But  
the mill privilege would be valuable to them—  
very valuable—and of this Farnsworth spoke.

"I know it," returned Ridgely, "but you  
must remember that it is our energy and per-  
severance that will make it valuable. Let us  
think awhile."

So they went away, and left the matter for  
settlement in one week. Mr. Tattall rubbed  
his hands when they were gone, for he felt sure  
they would come back, and he had made up  
his mind that he would have just twenty-five  
hundred dollars for the lot he was to sell!

The next day the two partners took a stroll  
down the river, and at the distance of seven  
miles from Tattall's place, they came to a point  
where a sort of bayou, or inlet, made up into  
the shore. From curiosity they followed this  
up, and found it to run in only about twenty  
yards, and then turn and extend down some  
quarter of a mile, almost parallel with the  
river, and there it ended in a deep, wide  
basin. Opposite this point, in the river, was  
a steep fall of water, but no thoughts of build-  
ing a mill there had been entertained on ac-  
count of the rocky, rugged nature of the  
shores. But this inlet seemed almost cut out  
by Providence for a mill. By expending one  
hundred dollars, at the outside, the bayou  
could be cut right on to the river, striking the  
bank about fifteen rods below the fall, and  
their mills could be built, and be not only free  
from danger from freshets, but with enormous  
power. In fact, the water-power could be  
made as extensive as was necessary. And then  
there were other advantages. In the first place  
the building spot was superior to that of Tat-  
tall's, and then it left a splendid growth of in-  
ternally pine above that could be easily cut  
and run down.

As soon as the two young men had fully  
realized the splendid nature of the discovery  
they had made, they fairly danced with joy.  
They set off at once to find Mr. Farnsworth,  
and they found him to be Mr. Simon Winthrop,  
a poor, honest man, and the very one whom Mr.  
Tattall had so imposed upon in the ox trade.  
Winthrop owned enough land on the river, and  
the circumstance upland, for quite a township.  
It had been left him by an uncle, and he had  
moved on to it, cleared a small farm, and had  
been now to make a comfortable living by  
getting off the timber, though he had not yet  
got off a thousandth part of it.

The two partners found him in his house,  
that very evening, and they commenced by in-  
forming him of the trials they had had with  
Mr. Tattall. Winthrop smiled as they finished  
their account, and for the amusement of the  
thing he related the story of his ox trade.

The millwrights were very soon assured that they  
had an honorable man to deal with now, and  
they frankly told him of the remarkable dis-  
covery they had made, and at the same time ex-  
plained to him that the mill privilege upon his  
land was worth more than double that of Tat-  
tall's.

And then they asked him how he would  
sell the water-power and a goodly piece of land.  
He first wished to know all their plans, and  
they freely told him, for they knew that was  
not the man to attempt to overreach them.  
They told him of the saw-mill, the grist-mill,  
the clothing-mill, and that they should probably  
put up a store, if people enough moved in to  
support one.

"Now, how much money have you got?"  
asked Winthrop. "That is—how much money  
you have put into this place?"

"We can raise just eight thousand dollars,"  
replied Farnsworth.

Simon Winthrop got up and walked across  
the floor several times, and then he came and  
said:

"Gentlemen," said he, "if you will put up  
a good mill, and saw my lumber well, and at fair  
prices, I will freely give you the mill privilege,  
and what land you take you shall pay me some-  
where near what the lumber is worth on it. My  
old friend, I have another offer to make you. I  
made use of one of those who went into the land  
business a few years ago, and when he died he  
gave me all the land he owned here. It is a very  
valuable land, though so far I have only gained  
a bare livelihood on it. I have between two  
and three thousand acres all told—my lot  
joining Tattall's above here, and running down  
four miles below here. Now what do you say  
to making me the third man in your party? You  
put your own energies, and knowledge, and  
money, with my stout hands and broad  
lands. We shall all share alike, whether in  
fields, mills, or stores. What think you?"

"We must think of that," uttered both the  
young men at a breath.

"So do. But remember the mill privilege is  
yours if you want it, and will put up a mill on  
it without cost, provided my other offer does  
not suit you."

The two young men went away about nine  
o'clock, but they felt sure they should take up  
with the last offer, though upon a thing of such  
extent they wanted time to reflect.

On the next morning, early, Mr. Tattall was  
at Winthrop's door. He wanted to buy a large  
lot of intervals woodland, which lay next to his  
own on the river. But Mr. Winthrop would  
listen to nothing of the kind. Mr. Tattall held  
on, for he felt sure of the mills being built on  
his own land, and he wanted all the neighbor-  
ing lumber. He swore at Winthrop for his  
"obstinacy," but the latter only laughed.

That afternoon Messrs. Farnsworth and Ridgely  
called upon Tattall, and informed him that they  
had concluded not to buy of him.

"Very well, gentlemen," coolly returned he,  
for he thought they were only trying to bring  
him down.

So they both turned to leave, and as they bade  
him "good-by," Mr. Tattall turned pale. He  
began to think they were in earnest.

"Stop, stop," he cried, "are you really in  
earnest? Aint you going to put up the mill?"

"Not here, sir."

"But—don't be in a hurry. Per-  
haps we can—Come in, come in. Let's talk  
the matter over."

"There is no need," answered Farnsworth,  
"for we have made up our minds."

"But perhaps I might take up with your offer  
of two thousand."

"No, sir."

"But hold on a moment. I declare, rather  
than have the thing blow over now, I would  
come back to my old offer of seventeen hundred  
dollars."

"No, sir. It's no use, for we don't want your  
land."

"But the mill privilege?"

"Nor do we want that either."

"But," cried Tattall, in a frenzy of alarm,  
"let the land go, and take the water-power,  
and give me what you like for it; only put up  
a good mill there, even if you—take it for  
—nothing!"

"You are too late, sir," returned Farnsworth,  
with a look and tone of contempt. "Had you  
at first acted the part of a man, you would have  
not only got a good round price for your water-  
power and your land, which we wanted, but  
all your other property would have been enhanced  
in value one hundred per cent. You thought  
we were in your power, and you would overreach  
us, but you will find in the end that this time, at  
least, you have overreached yourself!"

John Tattall shrank away into his house, and  
he had a bitter pill to suck upon.

The two young men returned to Simon  
Winthrop's house, and informed him that they  
should accept his offer. So papers were at once  
made out, and Messrs. Farnsworth, Ridgely &  
Winthrop commenced business in good earnest.

The saw-mill was commenced upon immediately,  
and at the same time men were set at work cut-  
ting out the canal. No less than eighty men  
were thus employed, and the "store" was built  
at once. The greater part of these men took  
pay for their work in land, reserving only enough  
of the timber on for their own building  
purposes, and by the next summer those of them  
who had families moved there. In the grist-  
mill was put up in due time, and by the second  
autumn quite a village of snug, warm log huts  
had grown up. After this, the country flourished  
and grew. Great numbers of the farmers were  
employed during the winter in felling lumber, and  
when it was sawed it could be rafted and run  
out to sea by the high tides of the spring and  
fall. Those who came to cut lumber saw the  
nature of the soil when the snow was gone, and  
they took up lots for farms.

At the end of eight years the wilderness was  
changed into a village, and Messrs. Farnsworth,  
Ridgely & Winthrop, were wealthy and respected.  
A flourishing village had grown up about them,  
all upon their own land—their three mills were  
in full operation—their store did a good busi-  
ness, and their land was continually yielding  
them immense profits. A school-house had been  
put up for three years, and that fall saw the  
finishing touch put upon a handsome church.

And where was John Tattall all this while?  
He still lived upon his farm, seven miles up  
the river, and he had grown poor, fast, almost  
to a skeleton. His power of pinching was not  
gone, for no one now was obliged to do  
business with him. He saw that village  
grow up, and he saw poor, honest Winthrop be-  
come wealthy and respected—and he knew that  
all this might have been upon his own land if  
he had been an honest, honorable man. But 'twas  
too late now. He could only look upon his own  
wilderness, and then upon the smiling lands of  
his neighbor, and the canker ate into his soul  
and made him miserable. In time the settle-  
ment extended up the river, and the stout trees  
upon John Tattall's land began to give place to  
houses, and barns, and farms; but John Tattall  
did not live to see it nor to profit by it. His  
chagrin and envy had killed him; and in the  
last hour the man who had all his lifetime made  
it a rule of practice to overreach all with whom  
he had dealings, was himself overreached by that  
power against which no art of craft can prevail.

HE WAS A STRANGER TO HER.

We heard of a very married couple, from  
the country, of course, who recently attended  
an Exhibition of "Dissolving Views." The  
bride, being pretty, attracted the attention of a  
stylish-looking city gentleman, who happened to  
occupy the same seat with the twain. During  
the Exhibition, the audience part of the Hall  
being already occupied, by some accident, the  
light was entirely extinguished. Pending its  
recovery, which occupied some little time, the  
city gentleman (perhaps accidentally) gently  
pressed the hand of the bride, who was thus  
much alarmed to offer an exclamation, "This bold  
assault followed by a bold, certainly not ac-  
cidental, for the city gentleman absolutely kissed  
the bride! This was too much; and the young  
wife resolved to tell her husband; which she  
did; when the following whispered colloquy  
took place.

"What?"

"This fellow here, 's kissing me."

"Well, (said John, who was a little shy of  
the city gentleman, "let him kiss you!"

"No, John; you tell him!"

"Tell him yourself!"

"No, John; I don't like to; you tell him.  
The gentleman's a perfect stranger to me!"

"The gentleman?" ultimately received a "no-  
tion to quit," or not; but was under the im-  
pression that the unkind salutation was repeated  
several times before the lamps were relighted.

This bride must have been deliciously un-  
sophisticated; don't you think so?

When Bonaparte's army were laying in camp,  
previous to the Battle of Waterloo, they biterly  
complained of the quality of their rations,  
especially the bread. However, they put up  
with it as long as they could, when a few men,  
more daring than the others, went to the quar-  
ters of the attached Commissary General, and  
told him—"If you do not give us better rations  
we will hang you." The astonished Commissary  
immediately sought an interview with the Em-  
peror, and told him what had passed. "Did  
my men say that," said Napoleon. "They did,"  
replied the General. "Well, my friend, I  
am certainly very sorry for you," said the  
Emperor, "for if they said so, they will cer-  
tainly do it."

## Sabbath Reading.

From Dickens' Household Words.

THE CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

Hail! I cannot bear to see thee  
Stretch thy hands in vain; I see  
I have got no bread to give thee,  
Nothing child to give thee pain.

When God sent thee first to bless me,  
Proud and thankful too I was;  
Now, my darling, I thy mother,  
Almost long to see thee die.

Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;  
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have watched thy beauty fading,  
And thy strength sink day by day;  
Soon, I know, will I want and fever  
Take thy little life away